

Brown, S. (1906)
pg. 140

The years 1811 and 1812 were years of trouble and dismay in Old Kaskaskia. In the first of these years, the inhabitants were frightened beyond description by a terrible earthquake which was felt in different degrees of intensity by the whole Mississippi valley. At Kaskaskia, the earth several times waved like a river agitated by the winds; the steeple of the church bent like a reed; the old bell rang with tremulous strokes like some unseen demon pulling on the bell cord; the cattle wild with nameless fear, ran to and fro filling the air with howling; the soil cracked so deeply in the very streets that they could not sound the bottom of the crevice, and the water drawn from it exhaled a most disagreeable odor; stone and brick chimneys fell down; houses cracked as if it were doomsday. The people, believers and nonbelievers, flocked to the church and listened with a Catholic zeal to the stout old Father Donatien Olivier as he implored mercy from Him whom the elements obey.